

HOW THE POPCORN MAN WAS "STUNG"

Story of Humphrey and the Amusement Resort Which He Purchased.

STRUGGLE FOR DECENCY

How He Drove Away the Saloons, Gave Everyone Value for His Money, Kept the Place Decent and Finally Won.

By RICHARD SPILLANE.

Humphrey's father left the farm to him. Some persons may find pleasure and profit in tilling the soil, but hard as he worked, Humphrey made little headway. He longed for the comforts and opportunities of city life and the more he dwelt on what the city held in promise the more dissatisfied he became with his lot. Finally he got so tired of "cropping it," as the agriculturists call farming, that he determined to sell out. He put the farm on the market and got a purchaser. Then he moved to town.

One thing Humphrey liked was popcorn. He doted on it as a boy and his appetite for it did not diminish as he grew older. When he got to town and looked around for some work with which to employ his energies, he did not find so many openings as he had expected. Idleness was abhorrent to him, so, more to keep himself engaged than with any thought of going into the business permanently, he made popcorn on his kitchen stove and sold it to men who had stands about town.

No one knows more about the art of popcorn making than Humphrey. The corn should be of a special growth and it should be kept three years to season and it should be cooked just so, or it will not have the flavor and delicacy that real popcorn should have. The people who bought Humphrey's popcorn relished it, and the sidewalk vendors developed a trade in popcorn they never had known before. Humphrey made a little money—not much, but enough to make him ambitious to broaden his field. Out at the lakeside was a big pleasure park. It had cost many thousands of dollars to build. The men who started it expected to make a fortune, but had been disappointed. At first it did fairly well, but gradually its attractions paled. Then the owners let it become a fly paper proposition. Every visitor got stuck.

Made Money and Saved It.

Humphrey sold popcorn to the Beach Park people. That was one of the few things sold at the park for which the people got the worth of their money. His popcorn sold so well there and at the stands in town that Humphrey took up other lines. He made old-fashioned candy and sugared peanuts and gradually built up a trade in those articles that permitted him to add a little to the money he had put in a bank as a result of the sale of a farm.

Although Humphrey prospered, the owners of the Beach Park did not. The reputation of the big amusement place did not improve. Roysterers got to going there at night and occasionally there were disgraceful brawls. The bar did the biggest business in the establishment. Every sideshow had a ballyhoo man and most of the freaks were fakes of the worst order.

As the years went on, respectable people began to avoid the park. There always is an element that delights in riot and roar, but it is not altogether profitable. The owners of the park, facing a larger and larger deficit each year, became more and more disgusted. They saw how wrong they had been in their estimates. The city was not big enough to support so large an enterprise as the park. The best thing they could do, they decided, was to sell the property.

It is one thing to want to sell and another to find a purchaser. Men willing to buy lakeside parks and having money to pay the price are scarce. To announce the amount of the yearly deficit would not enhance the value. The owners looked around carefully and cautiously for a person upon whom they could unload. Somehow, the popcorn man came into calculation.

Bought Beach Park.

It seemed ridiculous when his name was suggested, but investigation showed he had considerable money, and when the proposition was put up to him he gave it consideration. He looked the property over carefully. He inspected the bar and frowned. He looked at the fakes and scowled. Everything that seemed profitable to the owners met with his disapproval. About the only thing that pleased him was the location. He looked out over the lake and his face cleared. He gazed along the beach and seemed pleased. He watched some children at play, and nodded his head approvingly. A few days later he closed a deal for the purchase of the park, and the men who had been holding the bag for years breathed easier. Humphrey was the purchaser.

The popcorn man, not being partial to strong waters, closed the bar the first day he was in charge. In doing this he barely deceived a large num-

ber of thirsty gentlemen who journeyed out to the park the following Sunday. It was hot—frantically hot—and their thirst had not been cooled by the five-mile ride from the center of the city in the crowded trolley cars. They let out a roar that was unpleasant to hear. They scoffed at the attendants who mildly suggested that there were plenty of soft drinks to be had.

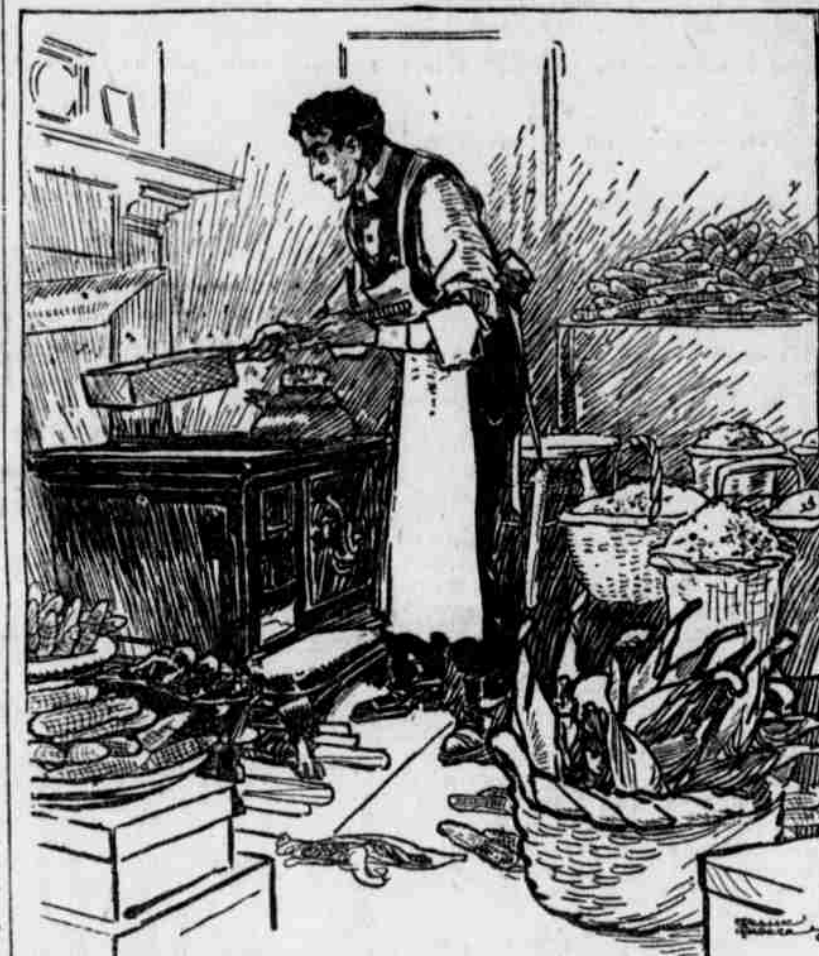
The closing of the bar was bad enough, but worse followed. Gentlemen who sought the pleasures of the dancing pavilion and cast aside their coats and vests as they had been accustomed to do in order to be cooler and more comfortable while they danced, were fighting angry when informed that no one would be permitted on the floor unless properly clad.

Long and Trying Struggle.

Beach Park was a sad affair for the rest of the season. The respectable element would not go there because of its general reputation, and the rough element would not torture itself in such a deadly dull place. Women and children went there on summer days and found relief from the heat of the city and persons who loved heating and fishing continued to give their patronage to it, but the receipts were decidedly less than under the old regime.

Next year Humphrey had a desperate time. Every day meant a loss, and his capital dribbled away steadily. He had to make a lot of popcorn, old-fashioned candy and sugared peanuts to meet one week's deficit, but he went about his business as usual and kept his own counsel.

The third year Humphrey was in possession tested his courage to the limit. The days when the receipts equaled the expenses were rare. The days when the losses were big were many. The popcorn man had to rake and scrape and make sacrifices to



He Made Popcorn on His Kitchen Stove.

keep up appearances. His brother, who had joined forces with him, helped him out with money and services, but even with his aid it was the tightest kind of a squeeze to get through without a visit from the sheriff.

It had been proved so conclusively that the public would have nothing to do with Beach Park that no one supposed Humphrey would be so foolish, after that experience of the third season, as to waste more of his time and hard-earned money on it. But the popcorn man was obstinate and he opened up the fourth year as blithely as ever. It was the old story until about the middle of the season. Then there was a slight improvement. Somebody of consequence and influence told somebody else that the place was changed so much he hardly could recognize it. He was so glowing in his picturing of the charm of the park that the other man was tempted to go there. He was surprised and delighted, and felt it was his duty to tell everybody about it.

Both Decent and Paying.

Before that fourth season closed Beach Park was paying expenses. It opened next year with an excellent business, and in a month or two it was having a patronage such as it never had known before. It was exactly the place for a respectable man and his family. There were no toughs. There were no bars. Everything was moderate in price, yet good. There were no shooting galleries, no fortune tellers, no freaks or fakes or loop the loop or thrillers in the way of roller coasters with sensational dips that occasionally brought disaster. But there was everything that was legitimate and safe and decent. The dancing pavilion was a delight. There was a dancing master there to instruct the awkward or the young or to check any tendency to impropriety. The music was of the best for dancing purposes. Comparatively few persons realize what a big difference the music makes in the enjoyment of dancing.

Instead of the sideshows and fakes, Humphrey had charming pavilions, shady nooks, rustic paths, grassy lawns and groves. There were roller coasters and miniature railroads and

some really entertaining but by no means noisy, shows. And the restaurants! The town never had had better. Everything was at moderate price. You could get a sandwich for five cents, and everything else in proportion. Men found they could take the whole family there to dinner and not be bankrupted. Some declared it was cheaper to go to the park and dine than to remain at home.

In addition to the joys of good eating, good surroundings, cleanliness and decency, there were the delights of boating and bathing and fishing. Humphrey had changed everything at the lakeside. All the boats were new. All the bathhouses were neat and well kept. Even the beach was gone over several times a day to remove anything or everything dropped by careless persons.

Drove Away the Saloons.

From being neglected, Beach Park suddenly sprang into favor. Its former evil reputation was forgotten and was used as a basis for expressing its new worth. The money came pouring in on Humphrey in a way to cheer him for all the patience he had displayed, and people began telling him how they always knew he would make a big success of the enterprise.

All the persons who went to the park were not drinkers of soft stuff. Various gentlemen, seeing what crowds were being attracted to the park, wished they could induce Humphrey to let them have the bar privilege at his newly-made gold mine. Some approached him on the proposition, but never again. Then they did what they considered to be the next best thing. They opened saloons across the broad highway from the main entrance to the park. Some of those saloons were pretty tough.

Humphrey did not like his saloon neighbors. He determined to get rid of them. Rigging up powerful search-

FARM POULTRY

ALL STRIVE FOR SAME THING

Breeders of Rhode Island Reds Aim for Standard Requirements in Color, Shape and Weight.

Breeders of Rhode Island Reds, as breeders of all other varieties, are all striving for the same thing—standard requirements in color, shape and weight. In the Reds, the coloring of male and female are practically the



Rhode Island Red.

same, the male's plumage being more brilliant; the weight is five pounds for pullet, six and one-half for hen, seven and one-half for cockerel and eight and one-half for cock. The only difference in strain is one of family. A community might consist of Americans only, yet have as many different characteristics as families. So with chickens, a dozen flocks of Reds might show 12 different race characteristics, for the reason that some breeders emphasize the importance of one point more than others, and have bred for that until their strain is prepotent in that line, and a male of that strain will stamp the characteristic on every descendant. Sometimes it is strong vitality (the best possible inheritance), sometimes a tendency to early maturity, possibly towards egg productions, maybe especially good comb, eye, etc.

BEGIN WITH SMALL FLOCKS

Necessities More Readily Attended to and Sickness Noted—Size Should Depend on Building.

The ambitions of the beginner are apt to be too high. They jump at conclusions. If 100 hens will net a certain profit, 1,000 surely would reach ten-fold. There is just where the mistake is made. Small flocks invariably receive better care than large ones. A man has more time to devote to a small flock, fully one-tenth more time than he would have with one ten times larger. Sickness is more readily noted and the necessities attended, than with a flock that consumes the best part of a day to feed and water. With small flocks a man has time to buy the feed and keep the stock at exercise; he has time to daily gather up the droppings; time to change nests and keep the place clean. Large flocks necessitate the employment of extra labor. This hired help may ruin the flock in charge. This is not imaginary, but actual experience. Again, large flocks are apt to be kept in crowded quarters, much to their discomfort and health. Small flocks are afforded more breathing space.

Just what the size of that small flock should be depends upon the accommodations. If the pen was built for ten fowls, don't put in eleven. The capacity is easily determined; fill up to that, using good judgment, and, our word for it, there will be more profit.

POULTRY NOTES

Hens will not lay when their combs are frozen.

Oats are excellent for both old and young birds.

Doctor your birds at the first sign of droopiness.

See that the early pullets are provided with nests.

Wait until the poultry is dry and cool before packing.

Soft-shelled eggs will be hatched if the hens are overfat.

Corn fed in the evening is an excellent food in cold weather.

For large chickens, oats are excellent for the making of bone and muscle.

Chopped onions are said to act as a good tonic to chickens when fed to them.

Cut green bone should be constantly fed to fowls—nothing is better for them.

Duck eggs seem to have the thinnest shells, being about 10.6 per cent of the whole weight of the egg.

WINCHESTER

Smokeless Powder Shells "LEADER" and "REPEATER"

The superiority of Winchester Smokeless Powder Shells is undisputed. Among intelligent shooters they stand first in popularity, records and shooting qualities. Always use them For Field or Trap Shooting.

Ask Your Dealer For Them.



Canada is Calling You to her Rich Wheat Lands

She extends to Americans a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help to feed the world by tilling some of her soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think what you can make with wheat around \$1 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain growing.

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

G. A. COOK, 125 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri; C. J. BROUGHTON, Room 412, 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Government Agents.

MADE THE VICTORY CERTAIN

Gunner's Announcement Naturally Brought Joy to the Heart of Artillery Captain.

With a ringing cheer the enemy advanced to attack the intrenchments.

"Fire!" hoarsely shouted the artillery captain, and the roar of the guns responded, but without checking the steady advance of the enemy.

One piece remained undischarged. "Why don't you fire?" demanded the captain.

"I—I don't know if it's loaded," responded the gunner.

A gleam of joy lit up the stern features of the commander.

"Then victory is ours!" he shouted. "Fire it and let's find out!"

The discharge mowed down the advancing column and the assault was repelled.

'Twas ever thus.

Our Early Chinese Trade.

The rapid growth of our early trade with China is shown by the fact that the 37 vessels carrying in 1805 nearly five and three-quarters millions' worth of goods to Canton, represented a larger fraction of our total foreign commerce than our trade with the whole of China does today. The silver imported to balance American trade with China averaged more than two and a half millions annually in the 30 years down to 1827, and reached a maximum of seven and a half millions in 1818.—John Foord, in Youth's Companion.

Austrian Army.

Adjutant—Our equipment is no good.

General—So much the better! When the Russians get it they can't use it.

Ought to Have Been.

"I wonder if there was a hot time last night."

"Where?"

"At Smith's house-warming."

Domestic Menace.

On matters of feminine dress we seldom venture to express an opinion unless it be occasionally a word in defense of that liberalism which permits a woman to consider her freedom and comfort as well as her appearance.

But we are prompted now to utter protest against the progress of American fashion designers, who, with a free field for the first time in history, can think of nothing better than to mimic the military uniforms of Europe.

Is it not enough that we should have the horrors of the war thrust upon us by the news, filling our imaginations, coloring our dreams? Is it not enough that there should be signs of a military epidemic in all our magazines, articles on strategy, stories of fighting and bloodshed? Must we have the world's nightmare intensified by the very clothes the women wear? — Chicago Post.

A Substitute River.

One of the perplexing problems encountered by coaches of the various "varsity" racing shell crews, that of providing better means for winter training than is offered by the ordinary rowing machine, has been met satisfactorily at Syracuse university through the installation of an indoor rowing tank, provided with mechanical means for simulating the passage of the boat through the water. This provides what might almost be called actual rowing, besides keeping the men in condition.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Higher Criticism.

Visitor—Don't you believe in the sand man?

Boston Child—Certainly not; how could he throw through my spectacles?

Plaint of Pessimist.

"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"But it has its suspicions."

Often—

The daily food lacks certain important elements, such as the vital mineral salts, which are absolutely demanded for the proper up-keep of body, brain and nerves.

Grape-Nuts

Supplies this Lack

This splendid food contains all the nutritive elements of whole wheat and barley—two of Nature's richest food grains—including the vital mineral salts, grown in the grain, and which are an absolute essential for normal up-keep of the system.

Add a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream to the meal for ten days and see what it does for you.

Grape-Nuts comes perfectly baked—ready to eat from the package—fresh, crisp, and delicious.

"There's a Reason" for GRAPE-NUTS

—sold by Grocers everywhere.